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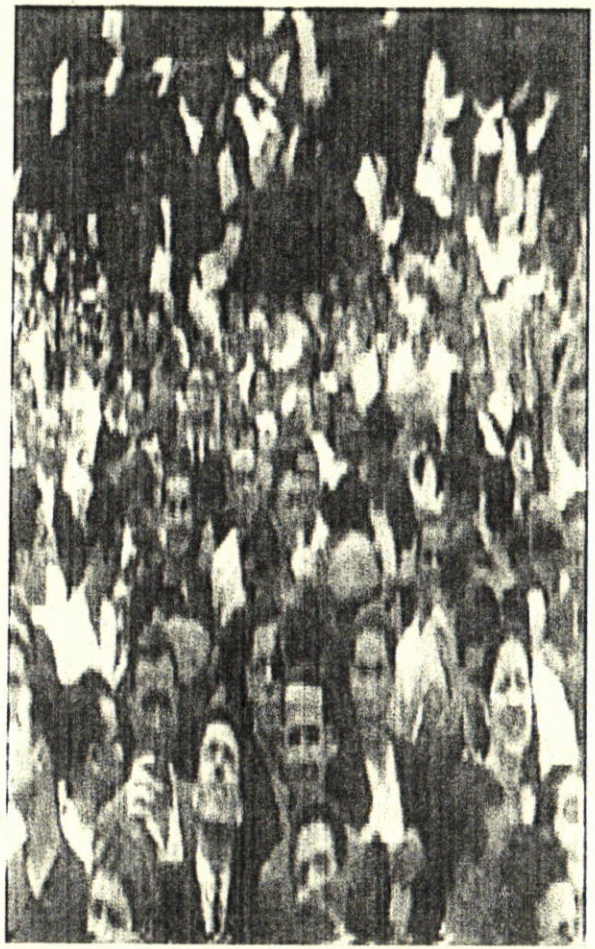


# The Exposition

*Issue Number One:*

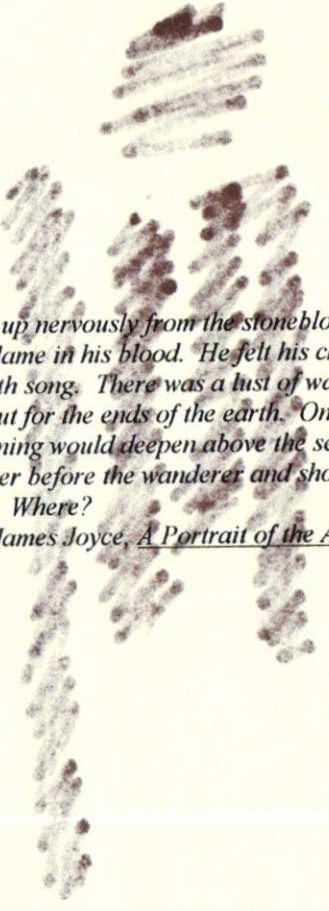
*"Freedom Summer"*

Hi!

Saw you reviewed in Hark.

can we trade?

- Joe



*He started up nervously from the stoneblock, for he could no longer quench the flame in his blood. He felt his cheeks aflame and his throat throbbing with song. There was a lust of wandering in his feet that burned to set out for the ends of the earth. On! On! His heart seemed to cry. Evening would deepen above the sea, night fall upon the plains, dawn glimmer before the wanderer and show him strange fields and hills and faces. Where?*

*-James Joyce, A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man*

## *An Obligatory Conclusion*

(July 8, 2000)

It's taken me awhile, but it seems that I have finally completed the first issue of my new 'zine. With my previous zine, I found myself very unsatisfied with the overall production of all nine issues. I felt as if I had wasted three years on something that I could ultimately take no pride in. As a result, I became very isolated from the 'zine community and also lost touch with many of those I had come to know through doing a 'zine. With this new project, I hope that I will be able to once again communicate through independent publication, meet new people, gain new perspectives, and attain a sense of personal fulfillment and pride in anything that I produce. With that said, I ask that you write me to trade, say hello, comment on something I wrote, correct me, or let me know that you share some my interests. Although I almost got off track, I have come to realize that I truly do love hardcore, the opportunities it provides, and the friendships it is able to forge. Likewise, I truly do believe in the DIY ethic and the idea that punk rock kids have their own network of communication that is able to function outside of the corporate business oriented world. I have only recently come to terms with the importance of such a medium and hope that in the future, I will be able to utilize it in a positive way. As I stated towards the beginning of the issue, I currently have no mailing address. Well, I do, but seeing as how I will no longer reside in it in two months, it is best that you contact me through email for the time being. Once again, the address is:
*smallpoxchamp@hotmail.com*
I hope to hear from you soon!

-Joe

## *Contact*

For the time being, direct all correspondence to (Joe):
***smallpoxchamp@hotmail.com*** Having a P.O. Box was just becoming too expensive, and I'll be going away to college in a few months anyway.

## *Distro/Trades/etc.*

If anyone would be interested in distributing this 'zine at shows, other events, or through the mail, please contact me. If you'd like to trade 'zines either singly or in bulk, tell me about your publication (i.e. what types of writings it includes, music it covers, etc.), and if I'm interested, I'll give you my address and specify how many copies I'd like to exchange.

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## *Soundtrack*

Lately, I've been listening to...

Aloha, The Assistant,
Charles Bronson,
Engine Down, The Exploder,
Four Hundred Years,
His Hero Is Gone,
Les Savy Fav, TheLocust, Los Crudos,
Nation of Ulysses,
Mogwai,
Orchid,
The Red Scare, Rites of Spring,
Sonic Youth, Swing Kids,
You and I

*Something in Lieu of an Introduction*

(February) Everything seems so dead now. Even diners have begun to lose their magic appeal. No one likes to drive anymore. It's funny, because driving is all we used to do. We had perfected the art of making a night out of having nowhere to go. We would just drive, and maybe if we were lucky end up some place interesting. It was warm out back then. We would blast music and sing at the top of our lungs the songs which to us were so important. We would stick our heads out the windows and scream. Now it's cold, and the windows are always closed, and cars seem to serve as nothing more than a means of getting from place to place. There is no more we. "We" has become so and so hanging out with him one night, and not with her because so and so and her don't get along anymore and now there are new people to be fit into everyone's busy schedules and it all seems so complicated. We (whoever that may be) still blast our music and scream along to our colorful anthems, but it's not the same. Some songs just bring me back. This song reminds me of last summer, and that song was playing the time that we were driving down to that restaurant in Teaneck, and this was the song we'd always listen to on the way to the city. It makes me sad to here these songs; songs that remind me of the way things were, songs that remind me of the way people change. I wish I could relive some of those moments, moments where nothing seemed to matter except the people you were with and the places where you were. No one seemed to worry about what would happen the next day, or what had happened the night before. It was all about now. And *now*, all that seems to matter is what we will be doing in a week, or how soon we can escape from these tired gray streets. *Now*, all that seems to matter is where we will go after we're done doing what we're doing right now which is only what we're doing at the moment because there is nothing else to do. We seem to have perfected the art of killing time. I guess that's what we always did. It just seems that it used to be a lot more fun.



THE RED SCARE "Capillary Lockdown" ep (Hand Held Heart-24445 Lisa Kelton Pl.-Newhall, CA 91312)
The halfway point between Four Hundred Years and Orchid. Excellent!

SMARTY PANTS "E=MC Hammer" CD (Opulence-PO Box 2071-Wilmington, NC 28402-2071)
Think the Pixies meet Superchunk meets the Make Up.

SONIC YOUTH "NYC Ghosts and Flowers" CD (Tower Records)
Of course nothing will come close to the mastery Sonic Youth achieved in the late 80's, but I still like this. A little softer with some great noise parts.

*Bands that I have recently seen rock out.*

The Appleseed Cast, Thursday, the Assistant, The Gloria Record, The Cure, Stereolab, Sonic Youth, The Forstella Ford, Jerome's Dream, The Red Scare, Orchid, Sunny Day Real Estate

*Zines I like.*

BREATHING ICED TEA MIX-8420 Bridle Rd.-Phila., PA 19111)
COMETBUS-PO Box 4279-Berkeley, CA 94704 ($2.50)
FUCKTOOTH-PO Box 353-Mentor, OH 44061 ($2)
HEARTATTACK-PO Box 848-Goleta, CA 93116 ($.50)
PRAXIS-216 South Church St.-Bowling Greene, OH 43402
SCREAMS FROM THE BALCONY-6 Post Ln.-Livingston, NJ 07039
SOLILOQUY-c/o Kris Braun-PO Box 553-Bowling Green, OH 43402
YARD WIDE YARNS-PO Box 12839-Gainesville, FL 32604

*Resources*

-ABC NO RIO Hardcore Collective-156 Rivington St.-NY, NY 10012-212.254.3697-www.abcnorio.org
-BERGEN ACTION NETWORK-www.bergenaction.net
-END OF THE WORLD radio/shows-members.home.net/bcarley/end
-INDEPENDENT MEDIA CENTER-www.indymedia.org
-INTERNATIONAL ACTION CENTER-39 W. 14th St. Suite 206-NY,-NY 10011-www.iac.org
-NJ ANIMAL RIGHTS ALLIANCE-PO Box 174-Englishtown, NJ 07726
-PATHFINDER PRESS-410 West St.-NY, NY 10014
-PETA-501 Front St.-Norfolk, VA 23510
-WORKERS WORLD-55 W. 17th St.-NY, NY 10011-www.workers.org

## *Plugs*

*Recent Releases The You Should Buy*

ALOHA "That's Your Fire" full length (Polyvinyl-PO Box 1885-Danville, IL 61834)
Beautiful melodies and a vibraphone.

THE ASSISTANT full length (Milligram-PO Box 174-Wickatunk, NJ 07765)
One of the best NJ bands at the moment. Think a combination of You and I, Discount, and Refused. Lots of screaming and grind parts. Very unique.

AT THE DRIVE-IN/BURNING AIRLINES spilt 7" picture disc (Thick Records-409 N. Wolcott Ave.-Chicago, IL 60622)
ATDI rocks as usual! (I was disappointed with the Burning Airlines side).

AT THE DRIVE-IN/SUNSHINE split CD (Big Wheel Recreation-325 Huntington Ave #24-Boston, MA 02115)
ATDI=one of the best bands out there today. Sunshine=very enjoyable electronic sounding indie rock.

ENGINE DOWN "To Bury Within the Sound" full length (Lovitt-PO Box 248-Arlington, VA 22210)
A softer version of Four Hundred Years. The music is beautiful, the beats are intricate.

THE GLORIA RECORD "A Lull in Traffic" ep (Crank-1223 Wilkshire Blvd. # 823-Santa Monica, CA 90403-5400)
Slow and captivating. I like it as much as Mineral.

THE (INTERNATIONAL) NOISE CONSPIRACY "The First Conspiracy" full length (G7-Box 3-905 Corydon-Winnipeg, Mb-R3M-353-Canada)
The Make Up meets Mudhoney. Pretty good, (but it still doesn't hold a candle to Refused).

THE LOCUST/ARAB ON RADAR split 7" (GSL-PO Box 11794-Berkeley, CA 94712-2794)
The best Locust stuff yet! Arab on Radar is probably one of the weirdest bands I've ever heard. The record is in the shape of a puddle.

## *NJ v. The Global Economy*

It is hard to believe how quickly and to what extent the anti-globilization movement has evolved over the past year. I think back to last April, when the most effective form of activism I had encountered or participated in was distributing animal rights leaflets at shows. Now, it is difficult to grasp the magnitude to which this new movement has grown. The feelings of excitement, solidarity, and fulfillment that participating in the fight against the global economy has furnished for not only myself, but hundreds of thousands of other people, are overwhelming to say the least. I first became aware of the term "globilization," around the time of the protests in Seattle. I read about the demonstration in the papers (which were of minimum help) and discussed it in my economics class. Then, in February, I learned that a guy named Chris (who I had known through the shows he used to set up in a small garage about ten minutes away from my house) was forming a Bergen County based activist group. Its first meeting consisted of approximately six people, all of whom Chris had contacted directly. By the second meeting of the Bergen Action Network, (which was the first meeting I attended), there were about twelve people, and by the next meeting there were about twenty-five, and so on.

It was decided that for the time being, BAN would focus on mobilization and preparation for the April 1st and April 16th rallies against the International Monetary Fund and World Bank, which were to be held in Florham Park, NJ and Washington D.C. respectively. As a group, we used a technique of outreach to educate our friends, families, co-workers, communities, etc. about the detrimental Structural Adjustment Programs which the I.M.F./World Bank use against impoverished third world countries, as well as the effects that these undemocratic institutions have on the United States and the rest of the world.

Over the next month, we increased opposition to the I.M.F. and World Bank, (as well as to the World Trade Organization), made plans for transportation, media coverage, outreach etc. for the April 1st protest, attended a Civil Disobedience/Non-Violence training session, and organized a banner/sign making workshop. It took a large amount of hard work, but come time for the weekend of April 1st, we were prepared to challenge the delegates who would meet behind closed doors at the Hamilton Park Conference Center and carry out a decision making process that would affect us all, yet in which none of us were allowed to participate.

The demonstration officially began the morning of Thursday, March 31st when the I.M.F./World Bank delegates arrived. Two women managed to work their way into the conference center and hang a forty foot banner boasting the slogan "I.M.F. and World Bank = Corporate Colonialism" from the roof. Both women were arrested and bailed out of jail as a result of funds raised by fellow protesters and students in the area. At 5:00 that evening, protesters gathered to begin a 48 hour vigil at

the base of the conference center, holding signs on the side of the road, some of which encouraged ongoing vehicles to "Honk For Global Justice."

I did not make the drive down to Florham Park until Friday night (although other BAN members were present). Upon arrival, I was immediately stunned by the overwhelming police presence in the area. A local news paper called *The Daily Record* had run an article about the approaching demonstration. It focused on the police department's fear that some sort of "violence" such as the outbreaks which occurred in Seattle would erupt. The article stated that cops from all 39 counties of Morris would be present, and that it was the greatest police preparation for an organized event in the town's history.

That night, a concert was held on the nearby Drew University Campus. In an open forum, speakers, musicians, artists, and poets creatively expressed their opinions of the World Bank/I.M.F. The event also succeeded in building a strong sense of solidarity among us. (Never did I imagine that I would enjoy watching a middle aged ex-hippie folk singer perform, but with a chorus like "Hey Ronnie Regan I'm black and I'm pagan, I'm gay and I'm left and I'm free," it was hard not to at least crack a smile).

I drove back home on Friday night with a friend, but a large number of people spent the night in Florham Park. By the time I arrived at 9:00 the next morning, news of the twenty or so kids who slept outside in the 34 degree weather chanting "No justice, no sleep!" all through the night had spread throughout the area.

We demonstrated at the base of the hill leading to the conference center displaying our signs and banners to the passing cars. People were slowly starting to arrive, among them a decent number of reporters. At 11:00, members of BAN left the site to retrieve the eight foot puppet we hand constructed, which was in a girl named Zoe's car. The puppet was designed to be a large white ghost with the phrase "The Ghost of Seattle" painted in red on its front side. With the ghost, we marched from the lot where we had parked, back to the vigil site, and then up the hill to the parking lot where the rally was being held. We chanted "More world, less bank, break the chains, dump the debt" for the duration of the walk, and were escorted by police officers on bicycles through the busy street which he had made our own.

The rally began promptly and the crowd grew consistently until it reached about 250 people, among them students, union workers, environmentalists, priests, teachers, nuns, senior citizens, children, punks, hippies, and a variety of other types of people, all of whom were united by a common goal. Some of the previous night's performers took the stage for a second time, as well as a number of new speakers, including members of organizations such as Jobs With Justice, The Haiti Solidarity Network, the N.J. Industrial Union Council, Global Trade Watch, ACT UP, and the Kensington Welfare Rights Union. Throughout the day,

*A **call to action** against the Republican and Democratic Parties*

## *CRASH THE CONVENTIONS!*

This summer, the Republican Party will congregate in Philadelphia (July 31-August 4) to celebrate a political platform by which they plan to govern the country in the event that their candidate, Texas Governor George W. Bush, wins the 2000 presidential election. Likewise, the Democratic Party will convene in Los Angeles (August 14-17) with similar aspirations. It is time to mobilize and expose the undemocratic and corporately controlled political system that these parties have so effectively hidden from the populace of the United States. I therefore urge you to take to the streets this summer in Philadelphia and L.A. where tens of thousands of citizens, disenfranchised by the obvious lack of a real choice on election day, will stand up and say…

NO to the influence of rich multi-national corporations on politics!
NO to the expansion of the global economy!
NO to the racist and classist death penalty!
NO to the disbandment of our personal liberties!

We must make it clear that the people want issues such as human rights, environmental protection, workers' rights, and economic justice prioritized over corporate profits. People not only in the United States, but all over the world have already begun to demand participation in the decision making processes that often adversely affect their lives, and that momentum which was so powerful in cities such as Seattle and D.C. must continue to grow. By challenging the racist, sexist, classist, and homophobic agendas that the Republicans and Democrats are pushing, we will be opening the door for a more real, direct, and just democracy to take root. I strongly suggest checking out the following pages for more information.

*Philadelphia Direct Action Group*
www.thepartysover.org
*D2K*
www.d2kla.org
*R2K*
www.r2kphilly.org
*Unity 2000*
www.unity2000.com

"Their success hinges on our willingness to succumb."
-His Hero is Gone

I could have predicted the course each conversation would take, but still, the familiarity of old friends was comforting, despite the slight yet inevitable sense of awkwardness with which it came. Looking back on the way things used to be, like last summer, and through all that had changed, it seemed exciting to me to discover which people were bound to remain constant variables in my life. I was surprised by some of them, and there were others who I was sure of all along. Likewise, I seemed to have almost completely lost touch with several people to whom I was once a close friend, and when I did speak to or see them, the words that we would exchange lacked the substance they had possessed less than a year before.

"It's been a long time!"

"Yeah! What have you been up to lately?"

"Not much. You?"

The road was damp. Small pools of water were scattered along the sides of the street. I had sat at that traffic light so many times, with so many different people. This time I sat there alone. It was still early, but I had no one to be with and no where to go but home. The summer already seemed to be losing the exciting momentum with which it had begun. Perhaps I was just tired.

"Yeah, last summer we had a lot of fun."

And this summer we would too. There was still so much to look forward to, and so many people to see before everyone would go their separate ways, some to different educational institutions in various regions of the United States, others to new apartments, new diners, new cities, still similar in characteristics to the ones from which they had departed. And the beauty of it all was that I knew we'd all see each other again, or at least that's what I believed.

The light turned green and I drove through the intersection. I knew those streets—every turn and every light—so well that I could have driven back to my house blindfolded. I was happy. I had my music turned up all the way, and I felt a renewed sense of anticipation for the months to come. It wasn't even midnight yet.

"What the fuck am I gonna do when I get home?"

***

people banged on drums, blew whistles, clapped, cheered, sang, danced, and did whatever else they could to make their presence known to the delegates who were conducting a meeting some 200 yards away. Meals were provided by Food Not Bombs, and for the most part, the police were extremely passive despite their large numbers.

At one point, coincidentally during the time which had been allotted for Chris to speak, several BAN members took the ghost puppet and led a march down the drive and out to the street. About half of the people at the rally decided to follow them. I stayed in the parking lot, however, and continued to listen to the speakers. A few of us noticed that the march was being led back up towards the rally site. We also noticed that more and more of a crowd was gathering at the fence alongside the hill, and that the marchers had begun to blockade the road. We quickly made our way over to where they were demonstrating, as did just about every other person who was present at the time. The police were beginning to worry about the "commotion," and the twenty or so cops in riot gear were called down to intervene.

The demonstrators in the street were given a five minute warning from the police, and were notified that if they failed to disperse onto the grass alongside the road, they would be arrested. Some of them walked over to the grass immediately, and others sat down in the middle of the road. They timed it so they would be able to get up 4 minutes and 30 seconds from the time the police had issued the warning, but in all the confusion, one girl, who was actually a member of BAN, was unable clear the road in time, and perhaps so as to make an example out of her (though it was clear that she did not intend to disregard the warning), an officer placed her under arrest, at which point an outcry could be heard from all of the protesters lined up along the fence.

A steady drumbeat continued to sound, and in a gesture of solidarity, three other girls stepped out onto the street and offered themselves up for arrest. Several minutes later, a 53 year old male who happened to be speaking through a bullhorn was arrested for "obstructing justice." Ironically, he had never stepped forward into the street or disobeyed the police. On the contrary, it seemed to us that the police did not appreciate the messages he was vocalizing. We chanted "What about freedom of speech?"

We remained there for some time, lined up against the fence opposite an entourage of men in blue uniforms. By 5:00 pm, the permit for the parking lot had run out and the group had dwindled in numbers down to about 50 or so. One of the organizers of the event suggested that we gather within the parking lot to discuss what action we wished to take from there. Since the arrests, numerous people had been busy contacting lawyers via cell phones, and others had gone over to the jail. It was eventually decided that we would remain lined up against the fence for as long as it would take to see that all the demonstrators were released. The legal advisor who was present notified the police of the consensus we

had reached , and they in turn assured us that as long as no one stepped out into the center of the road, there would be no problems. I ended up leaving around 6:00, but I'm sure that many remained for several hours longer. The first girl was finished being processed at 8:30 pm, and upon release from the Morris County Jail was applauded by some 25 people who had waited for her. The others were released several hours later, and the next day, a number of "reputable" newspapers such as the Daily Record, Bergen Record, and Star Ledger had run articles about the rally (I even made it into one of the pictures).

We didn't shut down the meeting, and I don't think that any of us necessarily expected to, but I still feel that we succeeded. The delegates of the IMF and World Bank were well aware of our presence as well as our discontent with their policies. We also gained a tremendous amount of exposure to the public, many of whom may have never heard of the World Bank and IMF otherwise. In addition, by strictly adhering to the guidelines "We will use no violence, physical or verbal, towards any person," and "We will not destroy property," we negated the stereotype that our peaceful demonstration would consist of "the same group of people responsible for the violent outbreaks in Seattle."

We will continue to educate people and to speak out against the World Bank, IMF, and WTO until our demands, including cancellation of the debt in the third world, human rights, workers rights, environmental protection, and participation in decision making processes are met. If you have not yet done so, I strongly urge that you become educated on the policies of the World Bank, IMF, and WTO, and on the effects they have on the world. The following is a list of resources you may find helpful:
(* were personally helpful in my own understanding of the situation)

*50 Years Is Enough
www.50years.org

Center For Economic and Policy Research
www.cepr.net

"This is so bad."

"Just stay down."

But it was useless. He saw us, and a bright yellow light exposed our four twisted bodies.

"Let's just get up."

And we did. We couldn't help but laugh at the whole situation. We were so stupid. We approached the van to provide an explanation for our outwardly suspicious actions. After all, we were just kids.

"Well listen, I'm gonna let you go this time, because I know you're just kids, but I have to tell you that there has been a string of robberies in these buildings recently."

"We had no idea."

Of course we had no idea. Who would rob the old abandoned section of the Rockland County Psychiatric Center?

"Just go right back to your car and drive out of here."

"Thank you. And we're really sorry."

Still laughing, and thinking that the ordeal had come to an end, we pulled out of the narrow driveway, only to see that reinforcements had arrived, and this time they were real cops, one of whom pulled us over almost immediately.

"I'll just need to see your ID's. You'll need to come down to the station while we process them, and if none of you are wanted, then you can leave."

We followed him back to the still operational part of the mental institution where the police station was located.

"You kids can just sit down, relax."

All of the cops were actually really nice to us. They knew we weren't there to cause any damage. They told us stories about incidents that had occurred in those buildings over the years, about people who had been killed there. One of them even showed us a rubber room. After about fifteen minutes, the cop who had pulled us over came out of the office.

"Here are your ID's. Nothing came up on any of you and we didn't find any damage, so you can all go home now."

"Thanks, and again, we're really sorry. Have a good night."

They waved goodbye to us as we pulled away.

"I guess we're never coming back here again."

But our days of exploration and adventure were far from over.

***

"I haven't been here in awhile."

But still, so many familiar faces. Not nearly the way it used to be, like last summer, but still, a lot of people I hadn't seen for months.

"Hey! What have you been up to?"

"Not much."

The show was sold out, over a thousand people in the dark Philadelphia club. Like always, we had managed to work our way up to the front. Standing there, it was too crowded to move more than several inches either way or to become situated in a comfortable fashion, but such trivial technicalities were of no concern to any of us, especially once the music began.

"This song is called Tom Violence."

"This song is called Teenage Riot."

"This song is called Schizophrenia."

One after another we cheered for excitement. With a few exceptions, everyone around us danced and moved. The band was bombarded with requests in between songs.

"Play Shadow of a Doubt!"

"Sure. We'll play that one," Thurston said. They never did.

After about an hour and a half, we stood there, soaked in sweat and amazement, waiting for the last song to begin. They didn't announce what it was, but we knew with the playing of the first chord. Shortly after the song began, a wonderful chaos ensued. We screamed every word, and danced to the sound of violence. The crowd had burst into an ecstatic rage, and then like that...it was over.

"That was amazing."

And it was. As the crowd dispersed, I breathed heavily walking towards the exit. I realized that I had a headache, but it was well worth it. Outside the ground had been cooled off by the heavy rain that had fallen several hours prior. The damp air was a refreshing contrast to the stuffy atmosphere inside the club.

"That was amazing."

We got into Dave's car and drove back to New Jersey.

***

"Guys, I think there's a car coming."

"No. There's a road right over there. It's nothing."

We continued to explore, but after a few moments, I realized that he was right."

"Holy shit! There are fucking headlights right there!"

"What do we do?"

"Just get down."

We ducked our bodies into the foot high grass in hopes that perhaps he would just drive by. I knew we'd get into trouble one of these days. After a year of exploring abandoned colleges, and roads that other people are too afraid to drive down, and tunnels in the middle of the woods, we had finally outdone ourselves. The large security van turned into the driveway adjacent to our hiding spots.

"What the fuck are we gonna do?"

"I don't know!"

Focus on the Global South
www.focusweb.org

Foreign Policy in Focus
www.foreignpolicy-infocus.org

*Global Exchange
www.globalexchange.org

United For a Fair Economy
www.stw.org

Bank Information Center
www.bicusa.org

Jubilee South
www.jubileesouth.net

Jubilee 2000
www.jubilee2000uk.org

Third World Network
www.twnside.org.sg

Youth ACTtion for Global JUSTice
www.justact.org

Continental Direct Action Network
www.agitprop.org/artandrevolution/index.html

*Znet
www.zmag.org

*Independent Media Center
www.indymedia.org

The Case Against the Global Economy (should be easy to find at any major bookstore)

*Mobilization For Global Justice (pamphlets, etc.)
1247 E. Street, S.E. Washington, DC 20003

*"Capitalist Globalism in Crisis," an essay by Robin Hahnel (write to me for a copy)

## *A16*

During the weekend of April 16th, tens of thousands of people assembled in Washington D.C. to demonstrate against the IMF/World Bank and in hopes of shutting down the semi-annual meeting of those two organizations. The following is an interview I conducted with several people who were present at the event. Seeing as how it is difficult to rely on mainstream media to report accurate information, I am printing this interview as an attempt to dispel all the rumors and misconceptions that have arisen about A16, and portray an accurate account of the events which transpired.

**Upon arriving in D.C., were you frustrated by the overwhelming police presence or was that something you expected and were prepared for?**

ZOE– I got there first and there were no police there at all, and that was scarier because you know that they're there, but you can't see them, and that's a lot more disturbing than seeing them all over the place.

MIKE– After coming back from Florham Park, where the police outnumbered us probably, a hundred to one, it really didn't seem like that much, except they had better gadjits, like armored cars and helicopters. And the one thing I thought was out of control about the police was that they raided the convergence center and they raided Rob Fish's house and took 160 u-locks.

**Were any of you present at the initial convergence center when it was raided?**

CHRIS– I was at the convergence center about an hour after it was raided. I was staying at a house where the people who were working at the kitchen in the convergence center were staying. A lot of them got up between five and six in the morning to go down to the convergence center. They were in there preparing the food and, I'm not exactly sure what time, it might have been between seven and eight, the police came in. They tried to kick everyone out, they blocked off the road, put the tape up, and we heard about this at the house and on our way down, people kept passing us and telling us, "You have to leave. Don't go down there. There are cops everywhere." I mean, it was true. There were so many cops there, and they shut it down under the guise of a fire hazard. The interesting thing that a lot of people in the community said was, "They never stuck up for *us* before like this, worried about all our fire hazards and all our apartments. We've been asking them to do this for years and they never came."



I thought about all the times I'd sat in those orange seats, grasped the metal rails. The ride seldom took more than fifteen minutes, and was a perfect opportunity for us to partake in some innocently mischievous acts that existed solely for our own personal amusement, or as an unnecessary affirmation of the fact that we were still young. Soon enough, the train roared into the 33rd street station, and we walked up to the street.

We met our friend a few blocks down, a joyous reunion. We talked and caught up as we passed a seemingly endless line of pretzel vendors and department stores. The city was so alive, and the heat was a refreshing reminder that people can be alive too. That night we were alive. We sat on the lawn, amidst thousands of others, and watched a man with crazy black hair sing and play his guitar. He was incredible, and of course the band was good too. I talked with a girl there for a long time who it seems like I don't talk to enough. I wanted to kiss her.

After a while, I went back to sit with my friends. We sat there on the grass under a warm breeze in a nervous, though exciting anticipation of the one song we'd come to hear. They finally played that song. We jumped up, and danced, and sang all the words as if they were our own. Soon after that, it was over, and we drove out to a lake in the far western corner of New Jersey. We drank and talked until about 4:30 in the morning.

"We should get some sleep."

"Yeah, I have to be home by 1:00 tomorrow for work."

"My family is coming over at 2:00. Graduation party."

I turned off the light and closed my eyes. June 21st still hadn't come, but there was no doubt that the summer had. I thought about all that lay ahead, about the endless days of bands and records, trips into the city, diners, protest and change, and the newly gained concept and appreciation of freedom that had come into various aspects of my life. I liked the sound of that word. This truly would be a freedom summer in every sense.

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I could still remember an anxious twelve year old boy who was overwhelmed by the excitement of discovering punk rock. The purchasing of one's first few records is a monumental experience of course.

"I've never heard anything like this before."

So much energy in the music. It was able to arouse such feelings and such emotion. And there I was, 18, seeing one of those historic bands for the third time. The energy and the excitement was still there, even before they had begun to play. They finally walked onto the dark stage. The crowd was more than welcoming. Immediately, they exploded, and the crowd exploded. I could still remember all the words.

"I hope they play it! I hope they play everything!"

*Seasons Dissolve (Friends Disappear): Part 1*

"Congratulations."

I shook his hand, took the small piece of paper and returned to my seat.

"Thank you. It's been a great four years," he said to me at the bottom of the stairs that descended from the riser.

Throwing my cap in the air was trickier than I'd expected. It must have ended up some ten feet in front of me. After that, we cheered, and hugged each other.

"I can't believe it's over! We did it!"

That night was our last night together. They took us out. We danced, and swam. The water was so warm. I wanted to have some more people sign my book.

*Dear Joe,*

*I'm so glad that we were friends over the past four years, even though we really weren't. You're such a great person, even though I really don't know you at all. We will definitely have to hang out over the summer, even though I know that we won't. I wish you the best of luck in the future, even though I won't remember you in a couple of months.*

*Love,*

*So and So.*

That is when it hit me: none of this really matters. I stood in that room for the very last time, too tired to be nostalgic in any way, and thought to myself: this is the last time we will all be together, and it seemed so sad. I really did like a lot of these kids, but I knew I wouldn't be upset in three months when I'd forget that we'd even shared any sort of experience, let alone four years of classes and tests, proms and practices, jokes and smiles. I went to sleep at 6:37 am. When I woke up that afternoon, everything was back to normal, and the summer had begun.

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It was so hot out. Sitting in traffic, I stared out the car window at the broken glass on the dirty, hot Weehawken sidewalk. Out the back windows of dull two family houses were lines of damp laundry that hung on strands of wire attached to tall wooden poles. It was a sight familiar to my childhood. A line of cars extended down the hill, through the traffic light, and under the overpass.

"A lot of people going to Hoboken today."

"Could also be to the Lincoln Tunnel."

We parked down by the waterfront and walked to the PATH. The fifteen minute train ride into the city had become so familiar to me.



**What were some of the worst things you witnessed police doing, I guess to "control" the situation?**

PETE– Me and Mike were at 14th and Constitution, and we saw someone lying on the ground.

MIKE– Yeah, he had a contusion to his liver from being hit wit a club.

PETE– They said that he might have internal bleeding. I saw someone get trampled by a horse.

(Student protesters in D.C. Picture taken from www.indymedia.org)

**Were any of you tear gassed?**

PETE– No, but we were really close to it.

MIKE– The one thing I'd like to point out is that I noticed that they weren't making too many arrests. They were just beating people. I noticed that when people were sitting down, about a couple of blocks up, to try and get people to get up, cops on motorcycles were just charging at the people and stopping short.

CHRIS– In terms of the police using tear gas, and what other control methods they used, they kept talking about how they studied what had happened in Seattle so they wouldn't make the same mistakes. What they successfully did was not arrest too many people on Sunday. I think only about twenty eight people got arrested on Sunday, but it made them look good. Well, there were the 678 on Saturday, 28 on Sunday, and on the smaller day, on Monday, they arrested about 500. They made the preemptive arrests on Saturday mainly to discourage people, which Zoe can elaborate on.

**Zoe, you were arrested on Saturday during the Prison Industrial Complex march. Can you explain everything that happened, and why you were arrested with that group of people?**

ZOE– Well, we had the Prison Industrial Complex March, and there were probably about 1800 people. It was a pretty good showing, and we were actually waiting for Dave and Chris, but they didn't show, so me, this kid Alex, and this other kid named Dave decided to join in. The cops were doing the typical stuff that they do, like, "I'm going to drive through the middle of this protest in the street with my sirens blasting and drown out their chants." So, they kept doing that, they kept cutting us off, and somehow, Dave, Alex, and I ended up at the front of the march, and all of a sudden there were police everywhere. There was like, this wall of police with those paddywagon things, those black, scary, tank looking things, and there were all these school buses and we were just like, "Oh boy!" We all turned around and tried to march the other way, but they had sectioned exactly 678 of us off, and they wouldn't let us through. We asked if we could disperse and they told us "No, you can't disperse, but you will be released. You're not going to be arrested." We ended up sitting at 20th and K for about two hours. Then the national guard showed up, because we had enough people to break through the lines, but we wouldn't do that because we were all peaceful. So the national guard shows up, and they were like, "Would the press please leave!" And I basically shit a brick, because they asked the press to leave, the little rambo guys who had these holsters of tear gas and these big guns were pacing back and forth, and I was like, "Ok, we're gonna get tear gassed, and arrested, and killed!" So, most of the press left, but some of them stayed, and that is *the* only reason we didn't get tear gassed.

**Didn't some of them get arrested as well?**

ZOE- Yes, actually one of the people from the Washington Post got arrested. She was actually in my cell.

CHRIS- Not only did members of the press get arrested, but tourists, and store owners who were on their way home from work were arrested as well.

**So next you were all rounded up onto buses?**

ZOE– Well, a bunch of us were contemplating resisting arrest, because we were being arrested for absolutely nothing. We were on the sidewalks. It was totally legal. But then we all decided, "Well, they don't have anything on us *yet*." So they started arresting people in groups of four. *Every* single person there went voluntarily. So we're on the bus,

"Tres golpes de sangre tuvo,
Y se murió de perfil...
Un ángel Marchoso pone
Su cabeza en un cojín."
— f. g. l.

but in solidarity with everyone. Seattle was the beginning of a major demonstration movement, and D.C. is just building on that momentum and it is completely encouraging. There is honestly a global movement building.

ZOE– See, what I think is funny is just that for basically the last year and a half you would hear "globilization this" and "global economy that," every other word. It's become a catch phrase. And they expected us to willingly globalize our economy, yet they didn't expect us to globalize our movement. Seattle was a complete surprise to them. They just didn't expect it. I will say this about the police action overall: unfortunately they were really effective. When they took out our convergence center, that knocked out our organization completely, because the second convergence center we set up was pure chaos. Everyone was just running around, yet I arrived in D.C. on the Thursday before, and it was so well set up. They had books to tell you where you could stay, they had food, they had everything. Once they took out that convergence center our organization was destroyed. Our arrests, the 678, totally not only obviously deterred us from getting arrested twice in one weekend, but it deterred a lot of other people from participating, because they knew that the police would just be arbitrarily arresting people. Honestly, I was disappointed with it because the cops were so effective.

**Would you say it was an amazing experience none the less?**

ZOE– Oh, definitely. The legal march, the actual A16 marches were amazing. There were so many people. It was so diverse. There were people from Tibet walking around. I mean, big bands like the Indigo Girls played. It was huge! It really makes you feel good to see that many people. People that were just walking by were totally checking it out and totally getting involved and that's what it's all about.

and we thought we weren't gonna be on the bus for that long. I mean, we'd heard stories of people in Seattle being on buses for like, an eternity. I probably got on a bus around 3:30, and we drove right to the jail. So we figured, "Oh this shouldn't take too long." We sat there from around 3:45 until about 11:30 at night. I'm not sure exactly what time, but I was on the bus for about eight hours. That's all I remember, and I was only the fourth bus in. Eight school buses of us were arrested and three paddywagons. All the minors went on the paddywagons.

**What kind of scare tactics and intimidation techniques did the police use?**

ZOE- The officer that was in the back of the bus, he was really nice, but what happened was, different police officers who weren't on our bus continually, would come on and just start yelling at us and we had just asked questions. I mean, we didn't find out what we were being arrested for until we were being processed, like in the jail. So that was like, eight, nine hours of "What the hell were we arrested for?" So they'd come on and be like, "I'm not gonna tell you anything! I don't know! But you're making this harder on yourselves," and we were being *so* good. It was funny b/c there was one girl who was one of the loudest people on the bus, and she was arrested with the protest, but she had her gym clothes, b/c she was coming back from the gym at the time. The rest of us were pissed off because we were arrested, but she was like, "*I was coming back from the gym!*" She was really angry. So they come on the bus and they were like, "Are anybody's handcuffs too tight?" And my handcuffs were so tight that I had several cuts on my wrist. So, we get in the jail, then they searched us, and they were being pretty violent with the search. I had little pig tails in, and the woman like, ripped the pigtails out of my head. Then you were allowed to go to the bathroom after at least twelve hours of not being able to go to the bathroom. Then they handcuff you right wrist to left ankle. And from what I'd read about Seattle, they were only supposed to use that if you were being violent, but they just did it to everyone. Plus your shoelaces were gone because you could strangle someone with them or something like that. So you're handcuffed right wrist to left ankle, and you're hopping, but you don't have any shoelaces, so your shoe is coming off and your falling. So when you fall, the cop grabs the back of your shirt and starts choking you. It wasn't very fun. So I got into the jail, and it was about an hour before I could get my one phone call, and I called the legal team. And they told me to stay there because people were doing jail solidarity. But no one in my cell was doing jail solidarity. Everyone was just leaving. $50 was the pay out and they said it's not an admission of guilt, you're just paying to get out. But it goes on your record as a misdemeanor. Parading without a permit is eventually what we were arrested for.

CHRIS- It was also a nonexistent charge.

ZOE– Yeah, because we had a permit.

CHRIS– The International Action Center is doing something about that. All the people now who did the jail solidarity, the people who didn't pay out and accepted the court date, they only got $5 jaywalking tickets.

ZOE– So everyone's leaving. I watched three different groups of people come in. So, we weren't getting food or water, and we started out one holding cell of guys and one of girls, but there were so many girls in the cell that you couldn't lie down. So they changed it to two blocks of each. And the cell I was in didn't have a toilet. Well, it did, but it was boarded up so you couldn't use it. And if you did have to go to the bathroom, they wouldn't un-handcuff you. So you're handcuffed right wrist to left ankle trying to pee. And we were handcuffed in the cells because, well the one cop yelled at us something like, "We don't want you trying any of that unity bullshit!"

**Police Chief Ramsey said something to the effect of "I feel that the way the police handled the situation should be a model for the way all future demonstrations are handled." Ho do you feel about that statement?**

CHRIS– It's easy for them to say that, because what didn't get reported is a lot of the brutality that happened within the jails, after Monday, that went on all week long.

ZOE– There were about 200 people still in jail for about a week after.

CHRIS– The model that they think is so good is a model that was completely unconstitutional. It was the preemptive strike to arrest 678 people not only to keep them away from the demonstration, but it was also a scare tactic to discourage people from coming on Sunday and Monday.

ZOE– Honestly, it worked for me.

CHRIS– The tactics that a lot of other people don't realize that happened is a) they sectioned off 18 blocks, a three block radius actually around the IMF/World Bank and if you take all the blocks within that three block radius you've got a lot. Legally, in there it was martial law. In martial law, you're allowed to shoot to kill. And that was a specific order given to the police. The police did receive an order, something to the effect of "If you think it's necessary within this zone, shoot to kill." They used a lot of pepper spray, they did reserve themselves with the tear gas, but they were beating. There are videotapes of them beating. Another tactic that they used is that a large number of them did not display their badges. Even when asked, they did not.

**Can anyone just describe what happened to Rob Fish?**

CHRIS- What happened to Rob Fish was this. He took on a role working for Indy Media. He had a video camera. I saw the video clip, he was holding the camera as he got beat. It's very disturbing.

(A picture taken by Rob Fish as he was being beaten. Taken from indymedia.org)

What happened was, he sees this guy in plain clothes, running around, and he's got this, I'm not sure if it was a billy club, it might have been one of those little black jack things, but he was hitting people. What happened was, and I mean, he got some media attention, he was on CSPAN and in the papers, but what happened was, he started video taping this guy, and the guy just pummeled him right to the ground. He went to the hospital, he had some stitches, he had a concussion. I mean, that's a close story because we know him personally. And there were a lot of other instances like that.

**Could you just sum up in a few sentences what you thought of the whole weekend?**

CHRIS– We're demonstrating for things that are happening in the Third World and in developing nations. People in developing nations feel it, they know it, they know who's doing it to them. The people in America do not know what's going on, for the greater part. What is finally happening, and this is so crucial to reform or completely eradicate these institutions, is that the Americans are finally standing up, not on their own